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– IN THIS ASSIDUOUS ISSUE –

THE BEAST OF HOLLYWOOD

"IF IT RESEMBLES AN ACTUAL PERSON IT IS NO COINCIDENCE,"

HEATER WALL

NUDES, NOW AND THEN

KEITH BERNARD

LOVE KILLED CAROLE

MAB OBERON

DANGERS OF THE DANCE

STRIPPER CRIES:

"NO PAAR!"

GILDA'S HURT HEART

RETLAW ELAH

AND HUMOROUS TID-BITS

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OUR EDITOR SQUEAKS

TELEVISOR IRKS HIM, HE SAYS

Greetings and salutations, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome back to the pages of SCANDOLLS for the second go-around. It's nice to report that all is well, indeed, on this particular publishing front and that, now that we have been accepted with no little enthusiasm by you readers, authors, artists, photographers, satirists and even poets (not Beat) have deluged us with material for ensuing issues.

We know you will enjoy and get some of the 'inside' of movie making from Heater Wall's novel, "The Beast of Hollywood." Says Wall: "If any person or persons are offended by the story or imagine that they are caricatured, then the shoe must fit!" Next issue we print another full-lengther, this one by Marion Elaine Marshal, aptly titled, "Hell In Bed!"

While we should be overjoyed at the moment, we just can't help being irked by this midget Jack Paar who was, as this was written, telecasting from New York. Bleating that he was over-worked with his five nights a week hour and-a-half stint, Paar was threatening to quit and it is fervently hoped, by many, that he is or has been taken up on the offer and pastured to a 25-watt radio station near Eloy, Arizona or South Sedalia, Missouri, not that we have anything against the people of these communities. In Eloy, the language is mostly spanish. Nobody from Missouri listens.

Paar is undoubtedly the luckiest spieler in the racket and can't, actually, do a damn thing but blab in a nauseating little boy fashion that is probably cute to some but cathartic to us. We are frankly burned at him because he chose to knock a friend of ours for no reason other than to spread his vicious opinions and moronic moralizations.

How a guy who is getting away with murder himself would want to put the whammy on a hard working girl and to stigmatize her profession is a monumental mystery.

We once saw Paar hooted off a Chicago theatre stage because he simply could not entertain. The same thing will catch up with him on TV. Maybe it won't be necessary for Peter Lind Hayes to punch him in the nose!

Now that's off our chest—what's bugging you?

A sensitive girl named O'Neill
Once went up in the big Ferris Wheel;
But when half-way around
She looked down at the ground,
And it cost her a two-dollar meal.

HORROR! THE BEAST MADNESS! OF HOLLYWOOD

by HEATER WALL

1

It is a mistake to label a snake as a thing of evil. Ever since the memorable affair in the Garden of Eden, people have been regarding serpents as a menace to society and an enemy of mankind. This is an unjust canard. Reptiles are, for the most part quite kind to man and will rattle before they strike, slither away rather than bite.

Man is the natural enemy of the snake, always hunting down the wrigglers, tryíng to do them in just because of their beady eyes, darting tongue and bad reputation. There are those who seek to trap the reptile by devious means and then to milk him, for his venom, like a stupid cow or put him in a cage and brag about his capture. If an occasional python does crush and swallow a tot or a pygmy it must be conceded that this is about the only retalitory stroke that the genus snake has been able, since they killed all the kraitts in India and ran the asps out of Egypt, to fling against the human race.

One of the Gabor's, anxious to emulate Cleopatra in still another way, was once gifted an asp but she disposed of it without once pressing it to her ample bosom. She didn't, she said, trust it.

I have more faith! Will an asp clout your wallet?

This defense of snakes is because the central character in this story was often compared to a snake. This is unfair to snakes! Snakes eat our bugs, in and out of the water, and perform meritorious duties that help us. They are generally beautiful and not treacherous even if they are cold-blooded. The opposite is true of Terry Terrence, the actor, in all respects.

There is a rather famous strip-tease dancer who employs a boa-constrictor in her act. The reptile has been taught to twist at various snaps and thus unzip the dancer's costume and, once minus her pants, she can slither about with her strange partner in a most remarkable manner which suggest a certainly improbably mating. This particular reptile, (or rather reptiles for, like Lassie, the act has outlasted the original) has always been most obliging and uncomplaining, living in a dismal trunk, eating an unpalatable type of pet store rat and writhing sensuously during the dance.

To symbolically illustrate Heater Wall's dynamic novel, "The Beast of Hollywood," Jade Rhodorra, a famous exponent of the terpsichorean art, consented to pose with "Woofus," a fake beast who sometimes dances with Jade and at other times works in horror movies," for the hell of it and eating money." You wil never see Jade on the Jack Paar show but you might meet "Woofus" via television.

Snakes have been co-operative with the press, managing to escape from circuses and carnivals in time for the noon editions and have frightened beautiful blonde bathers in bikinis for the needed photographic art.

A prominent critic summed up the performance of a renowned actor by stating: "Jose plays the part like a snake, all coiled and with fangs exposed. Here is a "method" actor who must have had a cobra or an adder to study.

Press agents and gullible critics, columnists and theatrical page editors, dote upon the "living the part" theme, enthralled by it's variations and true or false possibilities.

"Before he accepted the part of King Kong III, Fabian Fluster spent two weeks in the San Diego zoo studying the gorillas," a Hollywood tattle sheet reports, for instance." He became so thoroughly interested in and intrigued by the monstrous monkeys that he bribed the keeper to allow him to enter the cage and to sleep with the female. He has been taking her carrots and bananas every Sunday since he scored a smash hit in "I Was A Monkey's Uncle."

"Marna Mongoloid, in order to learn how they really think and talk, persuaded the warden of Alcatraz to incarcerate her there with some of the worst criminals in the world, a publicity blurb states. That prison walls do a prison make, Marna discovered when, as the only woman on the island, she was set upon and ravished by a kidnaper, a wife slayer and two experienced long term rapists. She couldn't get away let alone out but her experiences have greatly aided her portrayal of Rhea Gona, the title role in the all talking picture, "Gone Went My Wind," now showing at the Palace theatre with doors opening at 9 a.m. and smoking in the mezzanine." (Please run 2-col mat with caption, "She Made A Criminal!").

"Marlon spent a month on the docks learning to talk unintelligibly out of the side of his mouth for his part in the picture "Lake Front."

ERROL TAKES CUBA FOR CASTRO
ALL HANDS CASTRO OILED!

But, guff to one side, as the late Ring W. Lardner would say, there are many true examples of actors living a role to such an extent that they have been, literally, consumed by it and, bear in mind please, performers are not confined to the stage or the screen. Doubtless Napoleon, Hitler and Mussolini were only play-acting when they made their first entrance but once a line or two was out and a few gestures made, they were unalterably committed to enact the 'conquorer' to the end, even if they knew themselves that the conclusion might be disaster and the final curtain ignomity and or death!

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

All marriages are happy—it is the living together afterward that causes the trouble.

"San Francisco Examiner."

Just the other day a young and beautiful actress forsook the glitter, glamour and fame of her profession and hired herself and infant to a secluded spot to cogitate further upon the part she had played just prior to her drastic step—the part being that of a dissillusioned actress. A few years back another glamour gal sought the peace, obscurity and protection of the convent and others, too numerous to mention, have played their tragic roles right up to and including the poison swallow, the sleeping pill fade-out and the long shot leap into space concluding with the close-up of the battered body.

"Oh, Almond . . . how pale I am," Camille intones as she stares at her grief stricken image in the mirror. How many actresses, after playing the death scene in the ancient play, went home depressed, disconsolate and even dispairing?

Can a make-belive performance change the character of an actor?

"Mother of God . . . can this be Rico?" It took Robinson 20 years to overcome that one line.

"Queried as to why he spent a night in the morgue, Bend River said he was getting authentic background material for the screen-play," 'Frail of Frankenstein,' which will co-star Karloff and Lugosi's widow and which will be produced by the author. "First time I ever slept with a corpse," River admitted.

All this leads up, it is to be hoped, to the story of Terry Terrence the actor who became the Beast of Hollywood, the Terror of Sunset and Vine, the Scourge of Beverly Hills and the Cayhuenga Canyon Horror. Was his metamorphosis from the relatively nasty boy to a vituperative varmit the result of living the role of Dillinger, the baneful bandit, or was he just nuts to begin with?

Terrence was always avoided because his very presence invariably spelled trouble in block letters so nobody, save his agent, his brother and one or two of his girls ever really knew him and even these persons could never fathom what made him tick so perversely. As a result there has been very little speculation as to Terrence's change over. Even in his initial "likely lad" state he had no close associates and certainly no friends. That he was always basically insecure is obvious since his early attempts as an actor were frought with dissapointment and the accompanying hunger, yet he never really starved or suffered more than many another embryonic thespian.

There are a lot of possibilities. Maybe he was jealous of his brother who could make friends and hold them and who was popular and who had a beautiful wife. Maybe when his family disowned him it left a scar he would never acknowledge or a hurt he would never admit. Maybe a hundred things that an anylist might discover in couch-side interrogation. Possibly he was paddled as a papoose.

He was a slim man, handsome with well defined if brooding features, blonde wavy hair and a fast talking personality. That's how he looked when he got the break which was to make him an over-night star. However, his lips were petulant, a scowl usually and even when he was trying to be ingratiating appeared surly. But he often succeeded in fascinating some women who are anxious to soothe him or to do him over or to discover whether or not his meaness would endure throughout the sex act.

When you describe Terrence, you also delineate his brother, Earl Terrence nee Frank Scott, except that Frank could smile, seldom growled and possesed the sort of disposition demanded of auto and insurance salesmen. Both men were tall, taut and talented for it must be said, since it's the truth, that both were damn good actors.

The people who figured importantly in Terrence's life, in addition to his worried brother, were his agent, his producer, his director, press-agent, a writer, two women and a prize fighter named Billy Drake. Of course, there were many other persons involved but they were mere hangers-on or window dressing and not sufficiently etched to characterize.

His agent, Lou Farb, was and is the epitome of the popular conception of a ten percenter, drawn for the public by screen comedians who always chew long cigars for the part and wear goggle-lige glasses. Farb, a New Yorker dating back to vaudeville, could setp into the role without make-up being bald, short, paunchy, quick talking and out for a buck. Now you see him and perhaps many more agents since they do seem to come from a production line mould.

The Sick Joke

The "sick," or perverted, joke, despite constant predictions of its early demise, is still persisting as the most popular form of New York humour.

Two milder specimens:

Reporter: And, apart from that, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, how did you enjoy the show?

*

Little Boy: Daddy, why can't I go out in the sunshine and play with the other children?

Father: Shut up and deal.

No Change

An ardent American feminist demanded from the Guv'nor a world-shaking statement of his views about sex equality. "What," she asked, "should the role of Woman be in the future?" Mr. Churchill pondered on the question for a moment or two. "The same, I trust, as it has been since the days of Adam and Eve," he said.

SENSATIONAL

As for the producer — here is a more contradictory character since Dick Esper is a real and flamboyant showman, aware of the box-office and daring enough to cater to it, cajol it and milk it. He started in the business making cowboy pictures three at a time, directing them himself, complete with puttees and megaphone and he was thus far from a green hand in the "quickie" field when he handed Terrence the part of Dillinger.

He is a big man with unruly hair, piercing eyes and the intestinal fortitude to not only beard the lion in his den but to work the critter without meat and to brush his clothing with it's tail. Esper is famous for his inherent ability to con people, particularly bankers and the exploits of the Yellow Kid seem nursery tales in comparison with the many fabulous Dick Esper fables.

The director, the press agent and the boxer are described as they appear, on cue, but not enough attention is later given to the women who saw Terrence go up like a roman candle and come down like a sack of soggy meal.

Have you ever wandered into the Stork or Sardi's or any of the other plush saloons and noted the beautiful and captivating blonde with the mink, the brocaded dress that looks like it was sewn on, the cigarette holder and the almost but not quite "come hither" look and the exposed knee that bobs in and out from under the table like the birdie in the cuckoo clock? Have you ever asked the waiter or an acquaintance, "Who in the hell is that?" and get the totally unsatisfactory reply, "Oh, she's an actress or a model or something."

And . . . did you ever find out just what that something was?

You know, she wears a stage make-up in the day time, she drinks champagne all the time and any time and invariably exposes a diamond choke that could be real. That's Gloria Gaye former tent-show belly dancer and the first prominent broad in the rise and fall of Terry Terrence and the one who steered him out of a nut house and into the big money, temporarily, that is.

Now, the second one. How about her? Well, this won't be too difficult if you have ever attended one of those cocktail parties that publicity men toss to get space for their clients. At every one of these there is a dame anxious to clasp a grip upon a celebrity, preferably a budding one that can be conned, guided, steered, used and either discarded, relegated to lessor role or, in rare cases, permanently attached.

ACTRESS, speaking of rival: "Joan and I are quite good friends and absolutely frank with each other. There's nothing I wouldn't say to either of her faces."

Now this grasping doll might be in publicity herself, she might be a columnist, a reporter, the wife of a sated publisher, a television scripter, an artist or she might be, as she was in this instance, a dress designer.

These lassies are vixens and sometimes nymphs demanding variety. All will climb in with a "name" quicker than you can say 'Freud'! but they have the knack of making out like they were taken off guard. They like to link arms with a lunk and show him off and to insinuate that they are giving him something that is making him click. As if a piece of tarnished tale could turn such a trick.

Anyway, without getting obscene, the picture is now painted and you've only to see the name plate under the canvas. Her name is Verna Varian which sounds as phoney as it probably is.

If her bosses ever discover that Verna is, basically, a copyist, they will send her back to the cutting table or set her to wrapping bundless but she, too, has a gift of gab, a quivering behind and cash register morals so she'll probably have time off for cocktails at least until she begins to bag and to sag and by that time, maybe she'll own the joint.

Verna caught Terrence as he straddled the sky-rocket and she rode far enough with him to glimpse the stars but she was smart enough to realize that Newton had more than just a theory. So she, took down a few telephone numbers on the ride and had a parachute ready when it was time to get off.

Pert, insouciant, blue-eyed, raven haired, classy chassis—wait 'til you get a load of that peek-a-boo underwear and the sheer nighties and the . . . but you've got the picture.

SCENE I—Terrence is discovered in the agent's office, he snoozes as the titles appear:

DICK ESPER presents
THE BEAST OF HOLLYWOOD
STARRING . . . TERRY
TERRENCE

Wait! Hold it up there in the booth. There are a few things maybe you should know about the others. Jack Dillon, youthful and exhuberant, directed the first production for television in which the leading lady appeared pregnant and was allowed to say so. Jack Davidson? He wrote the script and told the soap company that the word pregnant must remain pregnant and not enciente, Doctor Hogarth? a ymere observer. Bill Drake, the fighter? Poor Billy, he was the one to suffer the most in the whole sordid affair. Phoebe–Who mentioned her Many people wondered if she'll ever grow up, really, or just remain a snippy little girl who looks cute in pictures.

Tyrone Power? What can the late matinee idol have to do with a story about a neurotic actor? Tyrone, in the sorriest example of miscasting, introduced, the 'Geek' to the viewing public. What is a 'Geek'? Shurcks, you can't expect the first chapter to divulge everything.

Albright — douse the lights — on the with the show!

II

He was almost asleep, his head cupped in a hand, legs sprawled out before the deep leather chair. Yesterday a snore had escaped him, bringing a frown of disapproval from Miss Harrison, the receptionist, and a titter from two girls who were also waiting to see Lou Farb.

It was unlikely that the arms of Morpheus would wrap around him this afternoon because he was, actually, too starved to do more than doze. Hunger pangs conveniently struck just as his head bent forward and his body numbed with sleep.

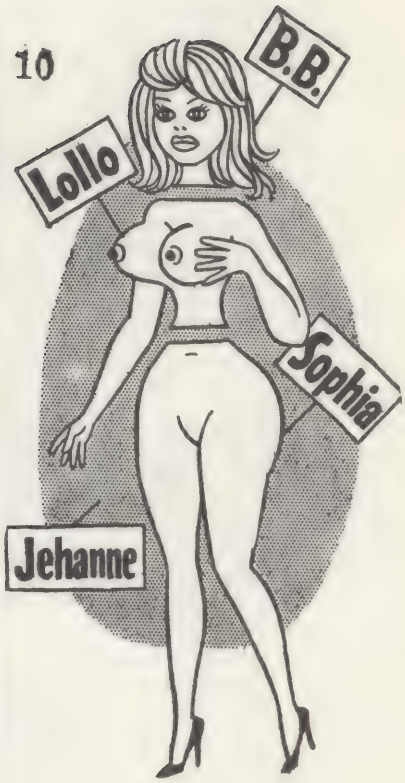
Miss Harrison had succicintly saidm: "This is an office, Mr. Terrence, not a hotel, Mr. Farb saw you sleeping the other day and asked me if you had left a call. Please remain awake, otherwise I will have to ask you not to visit us anymore."

"But Mr. Farb told me to hang around," he had protested. "Said he might have something for me at any moment."

"I'm sure he will, Mr. Terrence. Please realize that appearances are important and Mr. Farb does not operate a rooming house." Miss Harrison's tone had been icy, her stare stern and her demeanor severe.

So, he had better stay awake but doing so was proving difficult. Two nights spent walking up and down Hollywood Boulevard, resting between jaunts in cafeterias and lunch counters and hours spent

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15 FOR A CONTINUATION OF THIS ABSORBING FEATURE.



If you could make a composite doll out of Europe's most lovely lasses, what kind of woman would you create?

Take Lollo, Brigitte, Sophia and Jehanne—put them all together and what have you got?

Our own Winnie Garrett, of course!

What has, by the way, become of winsome Winnie, the winning, wily, wrinkless wench?

"What d'you mean, lady, by 'think of her poor husband?' I am her husband."

NUDIES IN THE 'GOOD OLD DAZE!'

BARING THE OLD DIVESTING THE NEW

Today's trend is for more and better nudes in advertising, exploitation and in calendar art. Every where you look you see enticing femininity, usually in the buff, beckoning from billboards, movie lobbys and magazine covers. Progress in photography has greatly stimulated this tendency and our modern lensers have captured the female figure in every conceivable pose and have done much, it is alleged, to embolden the broads to accentuate the positive, with or without the aid of Vic Tanny.

But, are the 1959 focusers any better, really, than the lads who used powder for a flash, black cloth and unweildy bulb operated cameras over a hundred years ago? And, while we examine this question, are the models themselves possessed of attributes, grace and limb to exceed the lasses of 1859?

Your editor, in trying to prove something, has selected two photos by the world famous Bernard of Hollywood to represent the epitome in nude art photography of today and, from musty files long forgotten, has resurrected two pics of an unknown charmer taken over a century ago.

Are the entrancing pictures of the beach nymph (Dawn Arden), shot with the finest in equipment by the master lensman of our time, superior to the shots of the woodland sprite, taken when Grandma was a girl?

Maybe the model is grandma.

TODAY AND YESTERDAY

continued

on park and bus stop benches had taken a severe toll. His hand massaged his fiery face, stiff and sore from shaving with a dull blade, cold water and hand soap from a men's room tap. He shook himself and readjusted his stern to the seat.

He sat up and began to fumble in his pockets for the cigarette he knew he did not have. He caught the actor's eye and inquired: "I've run out of smokes. Do you have a cigarette?"

"Quit them with the cancer scare publicity," the thespian replied. "Sorry." He resumed reading the Literary Digest.

"Have one of mine," the stage mother offered pulling a pack from a volumnious purse. She held a match for Terrence and then applied the flame to one of her own. She inhaled and said, "Don't you think Phoebe is a dead ringer for Evelyn Rudie? She's smarter, too. She recites, sings and dances . . . don't you Phoebe–"

"Crap yes!"

The woman arose and shook the child in ire. "How many times have I told you not to use that dirty word?" She looked at Terrence lamely and apologetically stated, "She's only nine years old."

Lowering his magazine the character actor chortled. "What was it Bill Fields said? Anyone who hates children and dogs can't be all bad?" He winked at the woman, whose complexion shone vermillion despite the layers of make-up, snuffed deeply and continued reading.

Terrence stiffened involuntarily as the smoke hit his empty stomach and half sickened him. The child advanced upon him and pounded his knee with her fist. "Let me see that magazine you are sitting on," she demanded.

Terrence extracted the magazine, handed it to the little girl and resisted a strong impulse to yank her pony tail and when she sprawled on the floor and extended a pink panted posterior it was he could do not to give it a kick.

"Phoebe's manners are not too good," the woman admitted. "I think all child prodigys should be forgiven if they seem rude, don't you?"

"Shirley Temple had perfect manners when she was a youngster," the actor observed. "She was always a little lady."

"Oh crap!" the child explostulated.

Miss Harrison called from her desk beyond a railing. "Mr. Farb will see you now, Mr. Grover."

Grover tossed his magazine to the child. "Bill Fields didn't really hate children," he said to the woman, he detested them." He picked up a Homburg, as incongruous in Hollywood as a virgin at Sunset and Vine, and made for the inner sanctum.

"Did you se him in "The Labor of Love" with Debbie and Rock?" The woman asked and when Terrence shook his head she said, more than a bit part in years. He or a chauffeur. He hasn't had talks about Mr. Fields . . . well, "He always plays either a butler Mr. Fields played opposite many child stars." The woman made a face indicating that venom was circulating through her ample system. "some people love to be nasty."

The child again advanced upon Terrence. Placing her elbows upon his kness, looked searchingly into his face and asked: "Are you an actor?"

A shivver of hate ran up his spine and suddenly, unaccountably, he was shaking with barely controlled rage. He muttered in an impolite way and shook his knees.

"Phoebe, don't bother the gentleman," the woman ordered.

"Oh crap, "the child cried. "He's no gentleman . . . he's a cigarette bum!"

"Now you can apologize to the gentleman, young lady! Just don't think you are too important to spank." She turned beseeching eyes upon Terrence. "I just don't know what gets into her. Her father and I have done everything for her . . . dancing lessons, singing lessons, acting school . . . I just can't understand her sometimes." The woman was close to tears.

"Forget it," Terrance said and then, suddenly fiercely, "Just keep her off me!" The void in his belly made him dizzy and he calmed. "Kids are kids," he amended weakly.

"Bullshit," Phoebe said, thrusting out a large red tongue.

"Phoebe! Why must you embarass your mother? Don't I do enough for you? Is that it? Don't you realize that I am dedicating my life to you and your career? Did you ever think that I might have a career of my own if I didn't devote all of my time to you? Why must you be so ungrateful and mean? Now I am going to ask you just once more. Apologize to the gentleman."

"Please madam. It's nothing. Just forget it. Besides," attempting a humour he did not feel, "she's right, I am a cigarette bum."

"Ha ha ha," the child chortled. "ha ha ha!"

Grover swung through the gate. He smiled at the woman and patted the child. "They're making lots of monster pictures now," he said, put on his hat and exited with alacrity.

"I don't like that man," the woman uttered darkly, fixing Terrence with a blank stare. Then she composed herself and offered: "Let me introduce myself. I'm Mrs. Gladys Austin and this is my daughter Phoebe Austin. She's been on television several times and. . ."

"Pleased to meet you," Terrence interrupted.

"What's your nome?" Phoebe inquired loudly. "Frankenstein?"

"Phoebe! I swear I'll spank you within an inch of your life."

Terrence stood up. He had had it, he told simself. "Don't let it bother you," he said to the woman as he walked to Miss Harrison's railing. "Tell Mr. Farb, if you please, that I will be in tomorrow."

The inter-com buzzed and Miss Harrison spoke briefly. "Please sit down. Mr. Terrence. Mr. Farb wants to see you in a few minutes, just as soon as he finishes with Mrs. Austin. You may go in now, Mrs. Austin."

Mrs. Austin jerked Phoebe to her feet and rapidly rearranged the girl's garments. Than she ran a comb through the child's hair and steered her forward. As she passed Terrence the child laughed hysterically. "He's a bum!" she screamed. "A cigarette bum!"

Terrence returned to his chair to find the platinum blonde observing him with amusement. "What's so funny, may I ask?" he inquired.

"Letting a little kid get your goat," the girl replied, grinning. "I thought for a minute you were going to strangle her."

"Well, I should have." Then, as the blonde crossed her legs, his mood changed. "I guess I am a little irritable, it's just that . . . "

"That you are a cross-patch," the blonde supplied.

A nauseous hunger wave ran through him and then, staring at the nylon sheathed limbs and upwards to a prominent glandular development, he was delighted to note that in spite of his empty innards a feeling of desire could possess him. "I'm not always so cross," he offered, fixing his gaze upon her derriere.

The blonde took a sly intake of breath and moved provacatively. "Are you sure?"

"I'm positive and ready to prove it."

Mrs. Austin herded Phoebe through the gate. "We got the audition," she announced triumphantly. "Phoebe's going into a Cary Grant picture, the director wants to see her in the morning." She began to pull on her gloves.

"Well," the blonde said, "that's fine."

"Yes," Terrence agreed, "good luck."

"Please go in now, Mr. Terrence," Miss Harrison called.

Lou Farb motioned to a chair and pulled a sheaf of photographs from an envelope. "This may be a break for you," he said, taking in at a glance the unmistakable signs of poverty and deprivation that were etched in the face of his client. "For christ's sake, why don't you get that suit pressed? Obviously you have been lushing up again. If I get you this part and you louse me up by getting loaded you can forget this address. You got that–"

Terrence came to his feet. "What are you talking about? What part?" He was furious.

Farb put a finger to his prominent nose and pursed his heavy lips. The finger ran up his nose and adjusted the heavy horn-rim glasses. Then he ran a hand through scanty hair and leaned back. "Oh, alright. Look at these pictures and tell me who they remind you of."

They were eight by ten inch glossy print photos and each had a sheet of yellow paper pasted to it which was a typewritten caption released by the Associated Press.

"These are photos of Dillinger," Terrence said as he thumbed through them. "Don't tell me that I . . . " He paused as he suddenly realized that the visage of the dead bandit closely resembled his own.

"Certainly," Farb replied, "you are a dead-ringer for him. I knew it the first time you came into this office. I also knew that sooner or later some producer would decide to do the Dillinger story. That's why I've been keeping you around."

Terrence sucked in his breath. He had come to a photo of Dillinger on a slab in the morgue. The nude body was riddled with bullet holes. The mouth was open and the chin was smeared where blood had spurted. The middle of the cadaver had been sliced open and carelessly sewn up again.

"I figured," Farb went on, "that casting Dillinger would be a problem. Robinson couldn't play him —too old and besides he's identified with Capone. The same goes for Cagney—the Baby Face Nelson type and also too old. I knew that they'd have to get a new face for the part, a new face and also one that would look like the late unlamented gunman."

His eyes still glued to the morgue photo, Terrence sighed in wonderment. "And you've had this up your sleeve all the time?"

Farb came around the desk and sat on the edge of it directly in front of Terrence. "This can mean everything to you," he said, placing a hand on Terrence's shoulder and gazing at him earnestly. "I've got you a test for this part and you'll probably get it. But, "he squeezed the shoulder, "you've got to promise me to lay off the booze and to control your temper."

Terrence stood up. "My God, Mr. Farb, I promise on my sacred word of honor!"

"Alright. Be here at nine in the morning. I'm going with you on this one. And get cleaned up. Have you got any money? Here's twenty. Don't take a drink tonight and get plenty of sleep."

"Mr. Farb, listen to me. I thought I was washed up. I haven't been to bed for two nights. I haven't even eaten. I've been locked out of my room. I—I—well, Mr. Farb, get me this part. I can play Dillinger. I can feel him. I'll bring him to life. I'll make him real . . . the way I feel. Mr. Farb, right now, this minute, I feel that I am Dillinger! I'll burn up the screen, I'll . . . "

Farb patted his shoulder.

"I think so. You are Dillinger, alright. See you in the morning." Farb pushed a button and spoke into the inter-com. "Mr. Terrence is just leaving. Have Miss Gaye come in." Then to Terrence: "I'm not kidding about the lush. Get crocked and you and I are through."

"Don't worry about me, Mr. Farb. You have my word."

At the gate he caused the blonde to pause by gently taking her wrist. Oblivious of Miss Harrison, Terrence said. "I'll be waiting for you downstairs."

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 30 FOR A CONTINUATION OF THIS ABSORBING FEATURE.

A REMINISCENCE

I saw and heard Van Heflin, the actor, being interviewed by Arthur Godfrey the other day and one or two things that were said brought back a flood of memories. I have been watching Heflin emote in many mediocre movies for many years and once even owned the rights to one of his early flicker efforts with Wallace Ford. But I never realized that Heflin the actor was also Heflin the sailor.

It was Heflin the sailor that I knew, Great God! It was over 30 years ago! I knew him in Shanghai, Manilla and Kobe. I knew him aboard such forgotten freighters as the West Keats and the Hannawa that once sailed to the orient for the Columbia Pacific Steamship Company out of Portland, Oregon.

Heflin had a smattering of education and although he was far from as capable on deck as his ship-mates, mainly Russians, Swedes, Danes and Dutch, he was easily their master in the foc'sle ferment, making fools of them in every argument. He was something of a "sea lawyer," was Heflin, capable of giving his officers a bad time and with the intestinal fortitude to do it, which accounted for the fact that he was never thrown over the side by his less voluble colleagues. They needed him to voice their complaints.

I certainly hope that this vignette will not embarass Van. I don't want cinema producers to think him the 'Ancient Mariner' and skip him for younger roles in their epics. But it was, come to think of it, 34 years ago—the last time I saw Van Heflin. He was in the Lucky Bar in Kobe, Japan, drinking beer served by Kimesan, a remarkable girl who could speak almost every language and was thus able to cater to sailors of all nationalities.

Those were the days! A man could sail the seven seas without a passport, visa permission from the State Department or a union card and if you were like me, you could jump ship at any port and nobody gave you the heave-ho as long as you violated no laws and stayed reasonably sober. I have been in Russia, Finland, England, France, Germany, Japan, China, Ireland and many other countries without one solitary thing to establish my indentity or purpose. Nobody bothered me. The only times I ever made the pokey I was either disturbing the peace or was running drunk or both.

Those were the days when real adventure could be found and there was no limit to the action you could find if you were fearless and willing to tighten your belt and not particular about food or accommodations. I wouldn't trade those years of my life, the years I spent as a "scenery bum," a tag given me by a Nordic shipmate. Actually, I gave the points of interest but little attention. I was after the exciting life. I could write a book about it.

Anyway, seeing Heflin again as he is and was, and hearing him talk about his sea-going days, brought it all back and has, dammit, made me even more dissatisfied with my present mode of life. Not just because I like him, but because it's true, Van Heflin is just one hell of an actor and certainly a rich and successful one. But—I'm wondering—if he had his life to live over—would he remain at sea?

I have a hunch that he would.

WALTER HALE

GILDA – NOW AND THEN

By RETLAW ELAH

GILDA is a girl who never knowingly hurt a living soul in all of her life. She is one of the nicest people you would ever care to meet and while she'll have a few with you, if it's a party, she's always a perfect lady. This has been so ever since Gilda was the star, opposite Mickey Rooney, in the "Our Gang" comedies which are delighting the children of today, via TV, although they were made many years ago when Gilda and Mickey were mere moppets.

Why do you suppose it behooved Jack Paar, labelled as the "no talent success of our time," to put Gilda on the pan, on the grease and on the slam? When the insufferably conceited Paar was doing bits in pictures, Gilda would have been glad to have helped him, if she could, because she has helped lots of people during her career as an actress and dancer.

The snide remarks and innuendoes tossed by Paar at his helpless target have not hurt Gilda professionally but in her heart they burn. She cannot understand why one entertainer would want to hurt another. But Mrs. Steve Allen has called the turn, "Paar is not a performer," she has stated, much to the runt's hysterical annoyance.

LIBBY NIXES PAAR

KISSED OFF

LIBBY JONES is a minx with proportions that catch the eye and she is usually in demand to model filmy, lacey under things for photographers who get the pictures for the advertising agencies who are out to trap stupid women into buying filmy, lacey underthings. Libby has refused to appear on the Jack Paar television extravaganza on the grounds that her profession, striptease dancing, has been maligned by Paar who is, she says, "Egotistical to the point of repugnance." Libby will be seen in a new musical show which will have a tryout at Wamsutter, Wyoming, entitled: Lady Godiva Gallops Again"

COMING IN OUR NEXT

Yul "Baldie" Bruenner, the actor, has a strange attraction and seems to fascinate even the less frivolous of our fillies. Photographer Ramona Ronson, a dish herself, has shaved her bean and, with the aid of a timing device and a mirror, has taken her own pictures. These photos are the ultimate in nakedness since she has nothing on, not even a wig. You'll want to see these. We predict a new fad in nude art shutter-clicking!

"SEXY REXY"

CAROLE IN DEATH

HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST TRAGEDIES

MAB OBERON

Carole Landis was a lovely blonde whose thoracic structure long aroused wide and admiring comment. She played numerous film roles in an uninhibited sprite-like fashion that won her plaudits and a measure of fame. She was a wholesome girl and her country was important to her and she didn't hesitate to travel far and wide to bring a glimpse of home and maybe a bit of bosom to the war weary G.I.'s, thousands of whom will recall that she was every inch a lass after a fighting man's heart.

Carole was, her friends relate, quite naive and easy to overwhelm with love blandishments. Thus it was that she loved not wisely but too well and, her heart broken, took her life via the sleeping tablet route. On the opposite page you see her in death, curled up in her kitchen, another tragic victim of an unrequitted love, a woman scorned.

The main in her life? Was it "Sexy Rexy" Harrison, also shown opposite, the English actor who has since taken a fortune out of the musical, "My Fair Lady?" Rexy discovered Carole's pitiful remains. Soon after, he departed Hollywood and has never returned. His wife of the moment left him, which may or may not prove anything.

If Carole was alive today she could easily take a place alongside the aging screen sirens who have always lacked Carole's natural attributes and are forced to supply with cotton what nature has forgotten. She could have been a "Sex Bomb," too.

Tragic figures are Maralyn and Lizzie, although they are in no way comparable. After unhappy marital alliances M-mmm made the alter trek with the wonderful architect of the theatre, playwright Arthur Miller, but the joys of motherhood have been denied her.

Elizabeth's grief over the late Mike Todd, showman extraordinary, soon dissolved into an unholy yen for the alleged singer, "Mixed Up Kid" Eddie Fisher and there are many quick to say that Lizzie's number one disaster has yet to occur and aver that she will rue the day she caused the boyish Eddie to split with his wife Debbie and family.

It may be mawkish sentiment but we personally hope that marvelous Maralyn will be given the boon of a baby if only to perpetuate the father's talent and that curvaceous Carole is getting her reward in the beyond. As for Lizzie, let's hope that the giving of her money will do more than just solve her tortured conscience.

MRS. ARTHUR MILLER

MRS. EDDIE FISHER

GAY DAWN

THERE'S DANGER IN THE DANCE

BODY PAINT CAN KILL

Did you ever stop to think, as you quaff your drinks and applaud the light fantastic tripping of the scantilly clad chorrines, that the girls who so capriciously divert you actually gamble with their lives to do so?

Far fetched, you say? Not so. Gay Dawn, the torrid torso twister has thrown her left hip out of joint on two separate occasions and once rotated her pelvic region with such dash and elan that she was prostrated.

Sande Marlowe, the Sacremento siren of the strip, has danced with such vigor that she endured a heart attack, as the result, while performing in Eddie Skolak's famous President theatre in Los Angeles.

On the other hand June Harlow and Vallkyra have both been warned, by medicos, that too rambunctions performances are dangerous to both life and limb and Arlene Stevens, from Dallas, Texas, who covers her entire body with paint for each appearance, must remove the glitter and flitter within moments after her act as the paint stops up the pores and prevents natural perspiration.

Failure to do so would result in death.

Jack Paar may roast the ladies of the dance but their efforts to entertain are boundless and risky, something the arm chair moralist has never considered. In other words the girls work and work hard.

JUNE HARLOW

VALLKYRA

SANDE MARLOWE

III THE BEAST OF HOLLYWOOD!

Amalgmated Pictures, Incorporated, still retains a studio in the very heart of Hollywood. As yet the astronomical rise in real estate values has not coerced the company off the property but it is a foregone conclusion that it will soon give way for the erection of office and apartment buildings and the knowledge that this change will vastly increase it's financial status has given the cinema moguls the courage to hold out, shoot a few more pictures, and await the offer nobody could refuse.

Issac Stern, it's president, is personally welthy and is one of the last of the oldtime showmen who once coaxed million of behinds into millions of seats, the world over, to view a celluloid product geared to please the average man, said average man to have the intelligience rating of a 12 year old.

Stern was able to defend his position in that he could usually prove that pictures catering to a greater IQ were box-office flops.

Now that the simple "boy meets girl" formula, the bad against the good treatment with the villians always getting their just desserts, the song and dance version with the little girl from the chorus stepping into the spot-light to sub for the prima donna and wowing 'em without benefit of rehearsal, the great redemption theme and all of the other trite and familiar screen plots no longer able to pull 'em in however flamboyant the publicity; Stern and his cohorts were left with but three sure-fire angles-Monsters, Cowboys and Criminals, all laced, of course, with sex.

Since "The Dillinger Story" was definitely in category three, Stern was far from reluctant to allow Dick Esper, an independent producer, to shoot the sensational saga of the killer of the 30's on the Amalgamated stages and to arrange to distribute the picture through his subsidiary releasing organization. Since the voracious demands of television had begun to gnaw, independent producers were no novelty.

Stern had just finished perusing "The Dillinger Story" script when Esper was announced.

"You are going to have a casting problem," Stern stated after the ammenities. "The part of Dillinger is absolutely devoid of any sympathy whatsoever, I can recall only one role that is comparable, the Geek in the film "Nightmare."

Esper rolled his cigar. "Geek? Now you're got me. What in hell is a Geek?"

"Ever see the wildman in the circus or carnival sideshow? Well, it's usually some bum that they keep lushed up to the point of semi-insensibility. When you get to be a Geek you've descended to the lowest rung of the human ladder."

"Oh, yes. Don't they put him in with a pit full of snakes? I saw one of the "Whatizits" bite the head off of a living chicken. I suppose that it was a fake but it made me sick to my stomach."

Stern grinned. "They once put the late Tyrone Power in the part. They was considerable criticism of both the picture and Tyrone's acting. The public is squeamish. They like horror but they like it dressed up in fantasy. Now . . . this Dillinger script is equally brutal. Was Dillinger really the mad-dog this script makes him?"

Esper chuckled. "As a matter of fact, no. Dillinger was a nice guy. I sent Jack Davidson back to the mid-west to interview Evelyn Frechette. You remember her? No, she wasn't the lady in red who led Dillinger to his doom. Evelyn was his girl friend and she was in the Cook county jail in Chicago when the F.B.I. put Dillinger on the spot. Well, Davidson got Evelyn to open up. She said Dillinger was kind, thoughtful, polite, loving. He was never tough with his associates. It was just the cops that he hated and, of course, if anybody got in his way in a stick-up—well, that was just too bad."

"Well, then. Don't you think maybe this script is too rough? Don't you think you should inject just a little of the milk of human kindness into the man?"

Esper bit off the end of a cigar. "No, I don't. The public no longer considers underworld characters in the same light that they did when "Little Caesar" was made They're beginning to realize that criminals do not have a heart of gold. Davidson originally came up with a script that almost made Dillinger a hero. I want to take the true side of the story. I want the public to know him as the police knew him, a cunning killer —a syphilletic murderer. Daring? True. But, really, a diabolical butcher to whom the law was a joke and human life nothing. Suppose he was nice to his sweetheart? He once put a gun in her hand and told her to shoot to kill when two policemen were apparently coming after then. Only the fact that the cops failed to recognize him and kept on going saved their lives, their lives and probably the girl's too."

"But, who can you get to play the part? I can't think of a single star who would play this savage a role."

Esper leaned forward in a conspiratorial manner. He almost whispered: "Issac, I've got the actor. I've got an actor that can really act. He's been around for quite a spell but he's an unpredictable sonofabitch, a mean bastard when he's plastered and no bargain when he's sober. But, he can act . . . he's got a kind of fierceness in him like he was sore at the world. He's Killer Mears of the "Last Mile" all over. And —" Esper paused for dramatic effect— "he looks exactly like Dillinger."

He laid two pictures on Stern's desk. "One of these shots is Dillinger. The other is my star. Now, tell me, which is which?"

Stern scrutinized the pictures and finally said: "Alright, I'm stumped, which is which?"

"The first one is Dillinger, the other is a guy by the name of Terry Terrence. You had him on the lot here once and Earl Jackson had him thrown out when he belted one of your cowboys. He's a natural for this one picture."

Stern grimaced. "Well, you certainly could'nt glorify a criminal with Terrence in the part. I've heard of the guy — a dipso, isn't he?"

"Yes. I told you, he's a wild man, an ape, when he's drunk. However, his agent, Lou Farb says that he can keep him off the juice and in line but I'm taking no chances. As you know, I've set up a tight schedule. I'm going to shoot this epic in five weeks. That means that this anthropoid has got to be sober every minute since he's in practically every scene. So, I'm hiring Billy Drake, the former heavy-weight contender, to keep an eye and an arm on him.

Stern nodded. "A wise move but, let me ask you, is the fact that Terrence resembles Dillinger important to the picture? What I mean is, how long has it been since Dillinger was in the head-lines? More than twenty years, isn't it? Do you think the public will recall Dillinger's appearance after all these years?"

Esper let his gaze wander dreamilly to the ceiling. "Follow my line of thinking, Issac. The picture will be a documentary. No phony ending. No sympathetic crap but the true life story of the most infamous criminal of two generations. I plan to segway many authentic newsreel shots and stills of the real Dillinger. I want this picture to demonstrate that the screen can tell a fact story without foolish or romantic embellishments and without mawkish pity . . . now, we open with a still shot of Dillinger on a slab in the morgue and tell his life in a series of flash-backs. Then, at the end, we show the horrible morgue picture again. You get it, crime really doesn't pay! Surely you see the importance of having the actor the living image of the dead thug."

Impulsively, Stern thrust out his hand gave Esper's a vigorous shake. "Dick," Stern enthused. "I think you've got a sleeper! Your budget is peanuts compared with some of the other quickies. I can see a thousand exploitation angles. You've got J. Edgar Hoover, the entire F.B.I., the guy that shot him down, what was his name, Purvis? You've got juvenile delinquency going for you, teen-age crime and, most importantly, the current governmental investigations into the rackets. Dick — anything on this lot you want, you can have and don't worry about

either the budget or the schedule. Just grind out a fast action picture and, as you say, keep it factual."

Later, in his own office, Esper sent for Billy Drake. When the former boxer arrived, still trim and with his marbles intact, Esper said: "Billy, I've got a great big five bills a week for you for about six weeks. Want to grab it?"

Billy grinned: "I believe," he replied, "that my line is—'who do you want murdered'?"

"Not quite murder," Esper said, "but, there may be a spot of mayhem involved. I want you to nurse an actor by the name of Terrence. He's a lush, a chaser and a no good. I'm putting him in the lead in a picture about Dillinger because he looks just like the dead desperado. Now, I want this guy sober for the six weeks. I want him in bed and alone every night. You've got to eat with the guy, sleep in the same room. You can't let him out of your sight for a second. I know that this will be a mighty unpleasant job. The ape will get on your nerves. That's why I'm willing to pay you just twice as much as I intend to pay him."

Billy Drake fingered his chin. "What if this Terrence doesn't want to be nursed. What if he tells me off and takes a walk– What do I do then?"

"Didn't I say there might be mayhem? Belt him in the belly, clout him in the gut. Just don't mark him up but keep him in line. Make him crawl. Kick hell out of him, I don't care what you do as long as he's ready for makeup at seven a.m. sober!"

"You've got a deal," Billy Drake agred, "I'm assuming that you will back me up and give me any protection, legal protection, that is, that I might need. I may have to take him apart if he's the kind of guy you say he is. But, I'll try to avoid the lefts and rights and fill him up with con."

"Good. Take this voucher and get it cashed in the pay-office. Go down to the Vendome Motel on Sunset and pick Terrence up. Pay his bill, if he owes one, and move him into a Beverly Hills motel. Have him on the lot here at seven tomorrow morning and every morning thereafter until the picture is in the can."

After Billy Drake departed, Esper called Lou Farb. "Look, Lou," he said, "the Terrence test is ok. I'm sending Billy Drake out to get Terrence now . . . well, what about the money? No. Look, Lou, if I give this guy a salary he gets big-headed, harder than ever to handle. We've got to sell him that this picture makes him? Right? I'll give him two fifty a week on a six week contract with option to renew for one year at one thousand. Then we attach a second year option at five thousand a week to steam him up, give him the kick . . . what? Sure, I know you've been to a lot of trouble. Lou—I'll give you a grand for yourself between you and me . . . Then we're in business? Right!"

Billy Drake pulled into the driveway of the Vendome Motel, stopped in the parking area, and made for the office. "Mr. Terrence's room number please," he requested after summoning the clerk by buzzing.

The clerk reached into box nine and found the key. "He isn't in his room. He's probably across the street at the 'Duck In' bar."

Terrence was, indeed, at the 'Duck In' bar. He had been there all afternoon with a companion, the blonde and lovely Miss Gloria Gaye. After making the early morning test at Amalgamated, Terrence had again prevailed upon Lou Farb for an advance. A call had fetched Gloria Gaye to the 'Duck In' but, thus far, he had been unable to steer her across the boulevard to the Vendome. The trouble was, apparently, that Gloria would not imbibe to the proper extent to make her susceptible to the usual blandishments and, in trying to get sufficient alcohol in her, he had only succeeded in getting himself blotto. In this condition he was losing much of his charm and was now having difficulty in keeping Miss Gaye in the 'Duck In' rather than getting her in the mood for the short trek to the Vendome.

A lesbian once in Khartoum
Asked a fairy up into her room;
They spent the whole night
In a hell of a fight,
As to which should do what, and to whom.

There was a young fellow from Dice
Who remarked, "Although bigamy's nice,
Even two are a bore;
I'd prefer three or four,
For the plural of spouse it is spice."

There once was a girl from Revere,
So enormously large that, oh, dear!
Once far out in the ocean
Byrd caused a commotion
By planting our flag on her rear.

He dropped his hand upon Gloria's knee, teetering upon the bar stool, and attempted a hoarse whisper to which Gloria responded by sliding off the stool and announcing that she was going home. Terrence had a firm grasp on her arm when Billy Drake walked in.

"Pardon me, Mr. Terrence," Billy Drake said. "My name is Drake and Mr. Esper, your boss at the studio, has sent me to pick you up and take you to Beverly Hills where you are to live while the picture is in production."

Terrence gave Gloria a push that set her back on the stool. He turned to Drake and snarled, "Listen, take it on the heel and toe. Can't you see that I am busy? See me later."

"Mr. Esper wants you to go to Beverly Hills now. You have a seven o'clock call in the morning."

"Go ahead with him," Gloria said, "I'll see you again when you get settled down."

Terrence scowled drunkenly. "You sit right there, I want to talk to you, I'll be just a minute. Come over here, Mister Drake." He pulled Drake off to one side and out of Gloria's earshot. "What in the hell is the matter with you? Don't you know better than to bother a guy when he's with a broad? Now, beat it and come back in a couple of hours . . . then I'll go with you. What does the studio think I am, a baby? Are you my wet nurse, is that it?"

"Maybe you and I should get things straight," Drake replied. "I've been hired to look after you and keep you off the grog. Now, we can be nice and friendly or you can make it rough. Either way, it's just a job to me, a job that I intend to do."

The bartender motioned to Drake from the end of the bar and when Drake joined him, he said: "I don't want any trouble in here. Terrence has given me a bad time before and if he starts anything again, I'll call the police. Understand?"

"There won't be any trouble," Drake assured. "Just take it easy. We'll soon be going."

"Give me another drink," Terrence ordered, resuming his position beside Gloria.

"That will be all," the bartender stated.

"Let's go," Drake said.

Terrence doubled up his fists. "I'm getting sick and tired of you," he shouted. "Get the hell out of here and leave me alone." Then in a maniacal burst of fury he swung at Drake who was unable to either duck or block the punch since it was entirely unexpected. The blow jolted him back on his heels.

"That does it!" Drake drove a short right hand into the midsection and with a gasp Terrence doubled up and slid to the floor. Calmly, Drake took a firm arm lock, jerked him to his feet and led him, staggering, across the street.

IV

Since there were no "name" actors in the cast to toss temperamental wingdings and because Dick Esper was producing the picture with his own money, "The Dillinger Story" moved before the cameras with a dispatch reminiscent of the early Tom Mix westerns, which were usually shot within nine days, racking up sensational grosses for the late William Fox with a most modest investment.

Everyone on the lot, from the lowliest grip to the camera crew, supporting players, writer and the director were exceedingly pleased with both the conduct and the performances of Terry Terrence. Esper's gratification knew no bounds and he took to slipping Billy Drake fifty dollar bills on the slightest provocation. In fact, Esper was so delighted that he almost broke his own promise. He called a conference with his director after viewing the rushes of the fifth day's shooting.

"What do you think of Terrence's performance so far?" Esper asked.

Jack Dillon, youthful and exhuberant, was of the new directorial school inspired by television. He was accustomed to working fast and going home early and previous stage training had given him the intestinal fortitude to make his actors learn their lines before focusing them, thus eliminating costly re-takes. Limited budgets, scanty sets and the hundreds of improvisions required to attain speed were nothing new to him.

"I give him three V's," Dillon replied. "For sheer viciousness, venom and vitrol, he registers with an almost unbelievable impact. Sometimes I think he is Dillinger."

"I think so, too," Esper said, for a moment staring off into space. "What I want to talk to you about . . . tomorrow we shoot the escape scene where he makes his getaway with a wooden gun. Now, you know, that event was not without humour. When Dillinger was plunked in that small town jail he immediately became very cute with the lady jailer. In fact, he was photographed with his arm around her on the steps of the calaboose. Most everybody figured that he had played a little house with the Keeper Of The Keys and that she had let him go and that the heist with the phoney pistol was just an alibi for the broad."

"Yes, I recall," Dillon nodded.

"Well, what I'm driving at is this. We've got a tough, taunt, spine-tingling drama with the accent upon cruelty—brutality. Shall we lighten it up for this one scene? Shall we let Terrence play it mild, cozy, cute? Shall we depict him as reluctant to hurt the lady —make him considerate of her? Or shall we hold the horror line?"

"You'd be giving Terrence a break if you did," Dillon said, "and I don't think that a light, fleeting moment with a smile or two will detract from the main theme. In fact, it might be the thing to do, at least let them know that Dillinger was a human being."

Esper clamped on his cigar. "Done! I'll get Davidson to write him some new lines, a couple he can throw-away and you can let him grin as he hugs the broad . . . show a little affection. It's a touch that should work out."

But at the end of the sixth day's shooting, the producer, director and writer, found that the light touch they sought was missing. After viewing the rushes, Dillon said:

"I shot the jail scene three times! I could not get Terrence to smile. I could not coax a single airy inflection out of him. He insists upon snarling and barking. We've got another dynamic but vicious scene. Terrence has got it in his head that Dillinger was not a joker and I couldn't get the tension out of him. He won't unbend. You know what he said to me? He accused me of trying to make a comedian out of him."

Esper was not disappointed. "It's as I thought. This Terrence is a pure D p y s c o himself. He'll be a one picture wonder. You say you sometimes think he is Dillinger? Dillinger was a tame and sane guy by comparison. Let him keep going. For Christ's sake don't upset him. He might get away from Billy and start lushing. Let him drive right through, we'll have the heavy to make all other villians seem like Huckelberry Finn!"

The incident wasn't without repercussions. Terrence's ego dictated that he hate Dillon who, he decided, had deliberately tried to sabotage his performance. He became increasingly sullen, refused to speak to Dillon and became generally cantankerous, so hard to work with that Lou Farb was sent for to oil the situation. Friendliness disappeared from the set.

However the petroleum treatment needed further bolstering. Terrence aired a variety of complaints, starting with his lowly wage and winding up with a demand for star billing. Esper had anticipated the last demand. He called Terrence into his office.

"Just what is it with you, anyway? Is eating regularly upsetting your digestion or do you just dislike everybody who tries to in any way help you?"

"Mr. Esper," Terrence rasped, "what right have you got to talk to me like that? Because you gave me a job at a lousy 250 a week? What am I, a bum, a tramp, a Louse? Am I a convict that I have to be guarded? Am I a peasant under your personal supervision? A peon, a slave? What the hell do you think I am anyway . . . wait, don't answer the question," somewhat forlornly, "I know, you think I'm a jerk."

"A l r i g h t," Esper returned, "leave it right there. You've called the turn and you are my peon. I've got my dough invested in you and I have a right to protect it. If I treat you like a jerk it's because you've asked for it. Now, unruffle your feathers for just one moment and listen to a little reason." He opened the desk drawer and pulled out a gaudy press book. "I told you that you'd get a break with this picture. You will be one of the very few actors ever to reach stardom in their first important role.

Terrence accepted the book and his eyes lit with both elation and cunning.

DICK ESPER
— PRESENTS —
TERRY TERRENCE IN
THE DILLINGER STORY

Illustrating the cover was a speeding automobile, closely pursued by a police car. The artist had depicted Terrence with a submachine gun, ready to fire upon the approaching police. At the wheel was a dark visagd girl, her hair blowing in the wind, her teeth set, eyes blazing. The desperado and his moll escaping. Evelyn Frechette and John Dillinger running a blockade.

"There's the billing you are beefing about," Esper said, putting a flame to a cigar. "You have no complaint coming—a star in your first picture and you've got the guts to kick up a fuss?"

Terrence visibly relaxed. A shrewd expression supplanted the sullen one. "I've got to have more money and I want this tin ear Drake off my back. That's an ultimatum. I want five hundred a week and I want my freedom. I'm sick and tird of being wet-nursed, coddled and pushed around by a punch drunk fighter. You may be Papa Bountiful and I may be a Naughty Boy but if you want me to finish the picture you can pay me a decent salary and put your bruiser back into his cage!" He stood up. "And Goddammit, I mean it!"

He walked out of the room and slammed the door.

A short time later Lou Farb arrived. "I had another angle," he said, after listening to what had just transpired. "I'm the only guy who knows the score with Terrence. His brother, believe it or not, is Frank Scott, as nice a guy as you'll find in pictures and, as you know, he has done some fine work lately and has some important top billing roles scheduled. I begged Frank to for Christ's sake see if he couldn't straighten Terrence out."

"Well . . . ?

"He begged me, pleaded with me, implored me not to involve him. He said that he could no more handle his brother than he could a rattle-snake. He said that he had tried every way in the world to get to the guy but the best he ever got for his trouble was a punch in the mouth. He made me promise not to publicize his relationship with Terrence. Said he didn't want his own career ruined by a crazy man."

Dillon had come in the room in the middle of Farb's discourse. "I've heard about it," he interjected. "Frank supported him around here for a couple of years but when he saw that he was doing nothing but paying light and gas bills for bars and bagnios, he cut him off. They had the inevitable argument, followed by a fight and now they don't even speak and Frank ducks him like he was a case of bubonic plague!"

Esper hurled his cigar into an urn. "Well . . . what in hell are we going to do about the sonofabitch?"

"Boss, don't put a spot-light on me, but I think I've got the answer," Dillon allowed.

Esper and Farb both leaned forward in concentrated interest.

"Give the ape everything he asks for . . . for the time being, that is, the time being a sharp two days. Tomorrow and Friday

we shoot the final scene where he gets mowed down by the G-men in the alley of the theatre. Now, we've got the picture! We shoot all the chases with a double and we utilize newsreel shots with a narration to fill in the missing scenes. We may have a better picture going this route than we would shooting the full script and we get rid of Mr. Terrence right quick and forever. He'll never know what hit him until he sees the screen!"

Esper slapped the desk with the palm of his hand but Farb was sorrowful. "It's a hell of a way to toss the guy down the drain," Farb said. "Especially since he's turned in such a fine job. And, what about me? You won't black list him, will you?"

Esper fingered his chin, clamping a new cigar in his teeth. "No. We'll leave you that much, Lou. You can tell Mr. Terrence nee Dillinger that if he behaves himself in the future, what happened on this lot will be kept secret . . . but only if he minds his Goddam P's and Q's and don't go crying around all over town." He turned to Dillon and said: "Jack, I won't forget this. You've taken us off the spot and I agree that we won't be hurt a bit. Also, the satisfaction I will get in ridding myself, and all of us, of this . . . this . . . rascal . . . " He left the sentence unfinished.

Esper rang for his secretary. "Miss Marston, write up a new contract for Terry Terrence. Make it five hundred a week instead of two fifty but put a stop clause in it, exercizable any given week. Then make the contract for a year with the options already listed. Give the contract to Mr. Farb. He will deliver it and obtain Mr. Terrence's signature."

Farb rubbed a knee "You know, I never go from left field with a curve," he muttered, "this is going to be double trouble for me. My name isn't Lana and I can't get away with murder."

"Keep in mind what the boss said, "Dillon placated, "you've got a big club for Terrence. If he gives you a rough go, the studio will see to it that he never works again for anybody. What's the matter with that–"

"It's my nose that Terrence will punch."

"Terrence will punch nobody," Esper promised, "if he starts anything with anybody I'll have Billy Drake really work him over and don't think Billy can't do it. Christ, he stopped Callahan in the first round! Now then, Jack, get your crew lined up for stage eight in the morning and Lou, get him here sober. He may try to get out from under my mother hen and slide into a bar tonight. I think it's important that you get to him with the new contract right now. Hurry downstairs, he may still be on the lot. We've got two more days to get out of this guy before we can lower the boom."

But Terrence had left the studio. By double-dooring Billy Drake he had successfully ducked that individual and was on his way to Beverly Hills by taxi. Twenty minutes later the cab deposited him before a ranch type house on Canyon Boulevard. He found his brother in the back patio and as he appeared, his brother quickly left his chair beside his wife and hurried to meet his visitor.

"What are you doing here?"

"Frank, I'm in trouble and I've got to talk to you. It's not money, it's . . . "

"Let's go in the house," Frank Scott suggested, taking Terrence's arm gingerly. "I know all about it."

In the living room, Terrence went immediately to the sideboard and poured himself a glass of whiskey. "Yeah? What do you mean you know all about it? It just happened."

"Lou Farb called me," Frank explained.

"Oh, yeah? The great agent! He'd sell his own mother for ten percent if he could get her to bend over. What in hell did he tell you?"

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

★ IT'S DARING! IT'S SPICY!

There was a lady of Erskine,
Who had a remarkably fair skin.
When I said to her, "Mabel,
"You look well in your sable,"
She replied, "I look best in my bearskin."

EMORY PRIEUR-

"HOW DO YOU LIKE MY BEAR SKIN?"

HOLLYWOOD STRIPPER

GINA LOLLO

DEVILS IN

Book-Length Feature

The Riviera, home of the wealthy, playboys and crooks. What can happen to a young girl when she is lured away from her family in a small town to taste the delights that such a promised paradise can offer?

PARADISE

"WHERE every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

Such a trite saying it was. But when I emerged from the life of hell and looked down from the mountainside on mile after mile of the loveliest coast on God's earth, I thought that my companion had summed up my feelings as no other handful of words could do.

I was having my last glimpse of the French Riviera from the steep road above Grasse. The town which devotes itself to making the perfumes for the world sent a heavy, sweet aroma from its distilleries into the sun-soaked air.

The grey-green mountain slopes, the gay fields of scent flowers, and the glittering sand and blue sea beyond allied with the intoxicating perfume to give a cameo of paradise.

Yet I shivered in the heavy heat and turned away—for I knew that for some, and I believe for too many, that slice of paradise on earth was a snare and a delusion, where evil men and even more evil women besmirched the natural beauty with all the vices of the devil.

My companion started the car and we moved slowly up the pass — towards the snow-capped peaks and home.

It was the end of an adventure which had started with my obstinacy and restless yearning for glamour and excitement, had hovered near tragedy, and had ended in the nick of time to save my soul—and my life.

I was a native of Lyon, that great industrial town of my native country which is proud to call itself the Manchester of France. My father was a textile machinery engineer and my mother came from one of the primitive villages in the hills beyond the town.

I was an only child, and my upbringing was strict. The great cathedral on the mound beside the river is the object of my earliest memories. My mother was forever taking me there, and I had to sit mute and still while she prayed.

I did not understand that she was praying for forgiveness for all the sins of millions of French people. She believed that the defeat of the country and the occupation by the Nazis was Divine punishment.

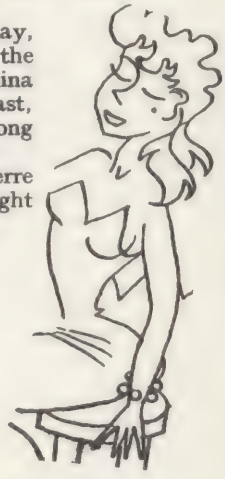
By the end of the war, when I was entering my teens, she was mentally unbalanced. My father, who had married late in life, had a heavy burden with a wife who found no joy in the world. He became morose and sullen. From my mother I got no comforting words, only warnings of the wickedness of the world. From my father there was nothing, either. He was secretly drinking himself to death; slowly, methodically and remorselessly. Whenever he was at home he was a befuddled automaton.

Under the pretext of staying at school for extra lessons, I began to stay out more and more in the evenings. Where we lived was dour and dreary. In the centre of the town, in the Avenue de la Republique, where the big shops, the cafés and the cinemas blazed with lights and rang with laughter and music till long after midnight, there was relief from the endless monotony of existence.

It was there that I met Pierre. He was a military cadet, undergoing the first year of his training for a paratroop regiment of the new French Army

I met him in a café where a record machine blared American jazz. It was he who taught me to jive, just like the Americans did.

I was nearly sixteen when we first met. Then we fell in love, and soon we were lovers. We both knew marriage was impossible for a long time. Pierre had years of strict officer training ahead of him. I was to stay at school till I was eighteen, and, anyway, I knew that my parents, even if they showed no tangible love for me, in their strange way depended on my presence to keep the last vestiges of their union intact.



I could have accepted the delay, but when trouble broke out in the French possessions in Indo-China and Pierre was sent to the Far East, my youthful love was not strong enough to avoid despair.

"Be patient, cherie," Pierre whispered to me on that last night before he took a troop train to Marseilles. "Wars do not last for ever. I shall be back."

My heart was too full to answer. A childhood memory had told me that wars went on and on, and among my school friends were scores whose fathers and elder brothers had gone off to war when France was invaded, or had fought for her liberation, who did not come back, despite their promises.

Until the last moment before midnight, when he had to report to his barracks, Pierre and I walked along the banks of the rushing Rhone. A last fervent embrace and silently, without turning his head to look back, he was gone.

The dark river, moving swiftly through the blackness of the night, seemed very tempting as I made my way homewards. It might have been better if I had succumbed to my dark thoughts and plunged myself into oblivion.

The numbness of the first few weeks was slowly replaced by an embittered cynicism. At first I began returning to the cafés where Pierre and I had danced, held hands under the table with the interminable *café crême* growing cold in front of us, in an

PAGAN PLEASURE!

effort to recapture some of my past happiness.

Then I started to frequent the noisier, gaudier dance cafés, where the blaring music deafened one's heart to the mind's forebodings and there were always plenty of people ready to dance, joke and drink with whoever happened to be around.

The man who planned to buy my body and soul seemed ordinary enough. He sat apart from the young people, a bottle of beaujolais on his table.

He was thirtyish, dark, and perhaps a little too conscious of his good looks. Later I realized that every move of his head, every gesture with his expressive yet repellant hands, were to display his handsomeness to best advantage. He did so with consumate artistry . . . really without conscious effort.

Lyons has a big tourist traffic and there are always plenty of commercial travellers in the town. My café friends and I, if we considered him at all, thought he was one or the other—passing the evening in congenial surroundings because he was travelling alone.

The next night he was there again. This time he nodded with typically French formality and smiled slightly when I glanced at him. Automatically, I smiled back.

I drank too much that night. Marcel, a silly youth in the same school class as me, had passed some exam or other, and had a few thousand francs to celebrate the fact. He bought wine at first, and then when money ran low we changed to beer from Alsace. The two, harmless by themselves, make a potent and dangerous mixture.

I found myself sitting at the stranger's table. Vaguely I heard him say his name was Jean, and as vaguely I heard myself tell him that mine was Colette.

He bought me a drink, and then another. I had moved from the seat opposite him to the lounge seat beside him. His shoulder was the resting place for my fuzzy head.

"You are tired, my dear," he said quite suddenly. "It is better for you to go home and sleep." I heard him call the garçon and order him to fetch a taxi.

What was left of my sober mind sounded a warning. Thickly I muttered that my friends would take me home.

"But they have gone, my dear," he said gently, and with an amused smile on his lips. "But do not be alarmed. I shall not thrust my presence on you. It is better not, perhaps. I shall merely give the cab driver his instructions and money to cover a journey anywhere in Lyons. You will give him your address and travel alone."

I protested that I could not permit it.

"But of course, my dear," he said, still with that amused smile. "It is a small return for the charm of your youthful company this evening. If your Pierre was here he could see you safely home. As it is, I must be his deputy."

So he knew about Pierre. I must have talked more than I knew. It didn't seem to matter. I was suddenly frantic for rest and sleep. He gripped my arm firmly and led me to the taxi when it arrived.

I half fell inside and the vehicle started away before I could thank my good Samaritan.

"Where to?" growled the driver through his little window.

I told him my address and had the sense to tell him to stop at the corner of the street. All was quiet when I got in. It was nearly two in the morning . . .

Next morning, feeling sick and washed out, I gradually recalled what had happened. I felt very fortunate that in the state of mind I had been, I had found a man with the decency and restraint of Jean.

For the first time since Pierre went away I had been happy in a carefree sort of way. It was better to be gay than to mope. Anyway, perhaps Jean would be there again

He was thirtyish, dark and perhaps a little too conscious of his looks.

and I could thank him for his consideration and help. I would return that night.

He was there, of course. Men like Jean can gauge the reactions of the feminine mind to a nicety.

Rather shamefacedly, I approached his corner table.

I spoke my thanks.

"But it was nothing, ma petite chou," he answered, using a term of endearment which sounded an alarm which I foolishly ignored. "You are so young and pretty."

A peremptory flick of his fingers and the waiter brought a bottle in an ice-pail.

"Champagne," he said; "pink champagne, which is the only drinkable kind. It is the ideal friend of those who have perhaps indulged a little too much."

Discreetly, but with masterly skill, Jean got me talking about my home life, my background, my friends. I must have painted the picture as darkly as, indeed it was.

He suddenly became confidential.

"Get away from it all before it's too late, Colette," he murmured, his head close to mine.

"Where can I go?" I demanded helplessly, not really expecting an answer.

"I am a businessman with interests on the Riviera," he said. "If you wish, I am a confidence trickster, though the police would not brand me as dishonest or anything like that. I am just part of that big organisation along the Mediterranean coast which devotes its time to taking the surplus money off people who are too rich and too bored to know what to do with it."

"But what do you do?" I insisted.

He waved his hands vaguely. "Hotels, restaurants, amusement places. I try to provide the supply to meet the demand, whatever it is. You could do that, too."

"But I'm only a girl, and still in my teens," I laughed.

"Exactly," he said, eyeing me in a manner which made me shiver with embarrassment.

Then, as suddenly, he was his charming and remote self once more. "I merely state what I know to be a fact," he explained. "You are attractive, intelligent, and I think sensible. You are unhappy here.

"All I suggest is that you let me help you to use your talents and escape from misery. In my places, from Mentone to Cannes, a girl with an attractive face and figure, whether she's a waitress, a receptionist, a hostess, or just a clerk, enhances the appeal of my enterprises to the public. If she's intelligent as well, she's a priceless asset."

"You could find me a job I could do?" I asked.

"Of course," he said.

"The only thing," he said, glancing at his heavy gold wrist watch, "is that you must make up your mind quickly. This is my last night in Lyons."

"How long can you give me?" I demanded.

"Till tomorrow morning," he replied. He told me the name of his hotel. "Let me know before 9 a.m."

He was a clever psychologist, was Jean. With those words he called the waiter, paid the bill for the champagne, and left the cafe. I sat on, thinking . . .

Yvette had lowered her voice. She was glancing at the plump blonde as she spoke. The nickname was a good one. The girl was as vulgar in her gaudy jewellery, her pouting mouth, and her fat, indulgent figure as the infamous mistress of Louis XV, who had virtually run France before the revolution with the language of a fishwife and the habits of an animal.

"You're here, and that's that," said Yvette sympathetically. "You needn't be too worried, really. Some of the men are really quite decent. They are lonely, unhappy. They want to talk to a pretty girl, dance with her, and fill in the evening with some sympathetic companionship. The others—well, it's rare for one to make an actual complaint that a hostess isn't friendly. They'll take a rebuff and find someone more co-operative."

Activity was beginning. A four-piece band was tuning up on the tiny rostrum at the far end of the room behind a dance floor little larger than the average room in a private house. A girl in a cheap, heavy coat was talking to the pianist, going over a piece of music with him. A couple of waiters were tidying tables and the barman was busy with his bottles and glasses.

The band began to play, the musicians amusing themselves with extempore jazz playing, just rhythms with unrecognizable tunes.

Two men, grey-haired but pleasant looking, arrived and went straight to the bar. Dubarry walked over to them and they bought her a drink, otherwise ignoring her and continuing their conversation with one another.

"That's 100 francs the so-and-so has made for herself, and 200 for Jean," Yvette whispered. "Remember that it's your job to boost the drink sales. You'll usually get fruit juice and water whatever it's supposed to be. The cost is virtually nil. You get one-third of the price; Jean gets the other two-thirds.

"The Dubarry is an expert at it because she is so thick skinned that even if a man obviously dislikes her she'll still ask for a drink. She makes at least 2,000 francs a night from begging drinks."

Before I could reply Madame Artois entered beside a youngish man, impeccably dressed in dinner jacket and leaning heavily on a stick. His dark complexion indicated that he was either Egyptian or Arabian.

To my consternation I realized they were coming across to me.

"Colette," said Madame Artois, "I want to introduce you to one of our most distinguished members."

And with that she was gone. No name of the stranger. No word of explanation. I turned instinctively to Yvette, but she had sidled away. It was a rule of the place, as I learned later, that no hostess trespasses on another companion.

The man sat down awkwardly, sliding his stiff leg under the table.

"A broken leg from skiing last winter," he explained slowly and with a broken French accent. "It is annoying, for there have been complications."

Awkwardly I said that I was sorry to hear it.

He beckoned to a waiter and ordered champagne. "With a bottle of champagne you will get some real wine and not that coloured water," he said with a smile. "And then, thanks to the effects of champagne, you'll talk like the charming young lady you really are and I shall be relieved from the ever-present burden of my life: boredom."

The effects of the champagne and his clever questioning had the effect he desired. I found myself chattering away about my whole life, about Pierre, about my meeting with Jean, about my qualms after I had run away.

He clasped my hand in his. "Get out of here," he begged me.

"I can never go home," I replied.

My companion shrugged his shoulders. "I'm a fatalist," he said. "I recognise that there are some things one can't do, and I accept that as you have chosen to grow up and be independent that is your right, whether you go to hell or heaven as a result."

"I could get a job in a cafe or as a servant in a hotel," I said thoughtfully.

He moved closer to me. "You'll have to trust me," he whispered. "I will ask that you be transferred to the Garden of Eden as my companion. There won't be any question when I don't boggle at the rental of the place, and ostensibly I can go there for convalescence while my leg completely heals. Will you agree?"

At all costs I wanted to get away from this awful club which, by now, was a den of blatant iniquity which made me blush for the viciousness of my fellow human beings.

My gallant companion from the Middle East—I cannot even now give his name for he is politically important and famous—certainly had great influence.

During the day after I had talked to him, as I dreaded the approach of evening and more work as hostess in that awful 'club', Madame Artois came to my room to see me.

I had heard of the Golden Isles, with the only area in Europe where nudity was permitted in public. "I thought it was for sun worshippers and people who like living close to nature," I said.

"So it is," he agreed. "There's nothing wrong with it, so you may be sure that Jean decided to bring his kind of profitable evil into it. There are, as I was discreetly told, a few chalets and small houses there where he arranges special facilities for special clients."

Her manner had changed considerably. She was obviously impressed at my ability to interest such an important client.

"Your stay here will have been short, Colette," she said. "I regret it, for your youth and beauty could have become a great attraction to this establishment. However, your friend of last night has been in contact with Jean. He has agreed that you go to the Golden Isle this afternoon. You are to catch the four o'clock boat. Suitable clothes are being sent there for you. Not that you'll need them," she added with a knowing smile.

A car took me the long drive westwards along the Riviera coastline to the little resort of Le Lavandou from which the boats sailed to the nudist colony. Madame Artois bade me au revoir at the door of the club, saying that when my protector was tired of me I would be returning to the club.

"Till then, Madame," I replied, privately swearing that whatever happened I would never return.

I had the same negro chauffeur as on the previous day. He made no answer to anything I said to him, but drove very fast along the hilly coast road. When we dropped down to the little fishing harbour of Le Lavandou he helped me out of the car and with rather more force than was necessary (he obviously had been told not to risk me running away) he put me on the small motor ship.

Then he stood on the quay until we sailed. Few people were crossing. There were some young couples of an artistic type, a German family who talked harshly and interminably in their own language, and a few French Navy sailors.

One of the latter, seeing I was alone, got into conversation with me.

"You are a sun worshipper, M'mselle?" he asked, eyeing with ill-concealed curiosity my figure. "You go to join your husband or family perhaps?"

"No," I said, "I'm going to work in a house there." I mentioned its name and position as described by Madame Artois.

The sailor grinned at me. "I understand," he said. "Your patron is fortunate. No doubt you are his idea of what Eve was like. Tell me, is he your idea of Adam? Or is he old and fat?"

I turned away, blushing. It was obvious that the sailor knew what sort of place the villa was. Presumably there had been other girls crossing to the Golden Isle to 'work' there.

He moved away and joined his companions. After a whispered conversation with them, followed by laughter and one or two insulting remarks, they watched me with contemptuous amusement.

I began to wonder whether my friend would keep to his word—even if he would be there. Madame Artois had given me no clue about when he proposed to arrive or whether he was there already. All she had said was that I would be met by a man named Marcel when the boat tied up at the jetty.

Now the engine was slowing down and the steep, scrub-covered side of the Garden of Eden loomed nearer. On one end of the island I could see radar masts and barrack huts—obviously a section of the place where the sailors were going.

Ahead were steep tracks connecting houses small and large, many of the former nothing more than shacks. The bright orange and green of tents stood out here and there.

A small crowd awaited the boat's arrival. I felt my skin prickling with embarrassment. The men wore nothing but a tiny piece of gaudy material. The women wore a still smaller piece and their bosoms were bare.

At the edge of the jetty a man stood eyeing the boat carefully. He was not naked, but wore a pair of sun-bleached and dirty jeans. He had no shoes and no hat.

"Is M'selle Colette there?" he shouted before the boat had tied up.

I answered him, and as soon as we were close enough he helped me ashore, taking my bag from me. He was in his sixties, sullen and ill-tempered. His dialect was so strong that I could not understand what he said.

Meekly I followed him up the steep track, trying to avoid looking at the scores of men, women and children who were walking about, shopping at the general stores, or sitting at café tables, in almost complete nudity.

When we turned off the main track, and passed tents and huts, even the token piece of material to ensure modesty was missing. Everyone was completely nude.

We turned into a small clearing in which stood a one-storey house with gay sun blinds over the windows.

My escort took me inside where an elderly woman, obviously his wife, flip-flopped in broken sandals and gave me a toothless grin.

I could understand her a little better than her husband. She told me that new clothes were already in my room.

"The gentleman is expected for dinner," she went on. "He will come in his own launch, of course. That gives you an hour to prepare yourself for him. Your orders are to follow the custom of the island. You are to reveal yourself."

She shut the door of my room behind her. I felt frightened. To me it was quite impossible to walk around naked, even though in the half-hour walk I had almost got used to the sight of other women without clothes and could half accept that there was no reason to panic and run at the approach of a naked man.

But seeing others and being like them were two different things.

There were beach suits, bikinis, and a simple evening dress in the boxes standing beside the bed. There were also several g-strings.

The last I refused even to try on, but I forced myself to wear one of the bikinis. The sight of myself in the mirror brought me nearly to tears. I simply could not face

"Don't look so worried, mother. George always has one night out a week."

people, least of all my companion, in such a costume.

I was just deciding to wear the evening dress when there was a knock and my companion entered.

I held the evening dress crumpled against my body and spluttered a greeting.

"The bikini embarrasses you, eh?" he smiled. "I'm afraid you will have to get used to less than that. You will offend the other people here if you don't behave as they do. You'll soon get accustomed to it."

And I did. Within a few days I too was walking round the island with nothing above the waist. I swam in the deep warm pools of the tiny bays with my companion, both of us, like everyone else in the water, completely naked. I learned to lie naked on the hot sand and talk and sleep without shyness.

My companion was good to me. We became fond of one another and if we kissed when the twilight brought a sense of intimacy he never presumed on his position as my protector. It was an idyllic month.

Then, abruptly, it all ended. My friend received a long cable from his own country. There was trouble there with suspected Communist agents, and he had to go.

"I'll fly from Nice tonight," he said. "I'll be back within six days. Jean will know that you are to stay here till I return."

But he didn't. I saw in the newspapers that the trouble was more serious than he had thought. There were talks with neighbouring states, and something about a delegation to the United Nations.

Jean must have read that too. One morning Madame Artois arrived and took me away.

I would have been prepared to run for it, to seek protection from some of the nudists with whom I was by this time on good terms of friendship, if she had not promised me that Jean had a nicer post for me.

"In a real hotel this time," she explained not unkindly. "You will be an assistant receptionist, looking after the foreign tourists. It is correct that you should not be spoiled in case the Prince returns, and asks for you."

He wasn't really a Prince, just a sheik with a Western education, but Madame Artois liked to enhance the importance of people for whom she catered.

The hotel job was genuine enough. It was a little place not far from Antibes, expensive, small and luxurious.

At night there were drug orgies, in which the poor doped victims indulged in their form of amusements, readily catered for by Jean.

The place was run by a middle-aged couple who were themselves addicts. Like all drug fiends they loathed people who had not the habit.

They made every conceivable attempt to make me try marijuana cigarettes, to try the bliss of heroin and opium, and they became vicious when I obstinately refused.

"Why do you think you're here, you little fool?" the woman said to me one evening. "If you re not one of us you've no business to get Jean to employ you."

DEVILS IN PARADISE

continued

SCANDOLLS

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DELORES

"WIPE THAT SMUG LOOK OFF YOUR FACE!"

By WILLIAM

WAITING FOR THE BUS

JERRY had half a mind to go home. It was late and there was nothing doing. It had been one of those evenings. Empty.

Girls? Well, yes. But the usual lot. There are times when every girl seems like every other girl. This had been one of the times.

Jerry was fed up. Yes, this was certainly one of those times. A wasted evening.

And then, suddenly, there was this girl under this street lamp.

We all know when it happens. It happened at that very moment for Jerry. He didn't know why. He didn't know how. He just knew that it had happened.

In the dark and at that time of night. So that if he spoke to her there might be trouble. She, not being one of the usual lot, might even scream or something equally daft. Like some of 'em did in books.

It wasn't one of his lucky nights.

And then, quite suddenly, it was. She spoke to him.

"Excuse me," she said, "but has the last bus gone?"

Her voice gave the last tiny little push to things. It was a voice in a hundred million. What Jerry thought was that it was like wine made of gold in a glass carved out of a rainbow. And he'd never thought anything on those lines before! This was certainly it.

He took the chance that offered.

"Oh, no," he said. "Matter of fact, I'm waiting for somebody who'll be coming on it."

It was the first thing he could think of, but it gave him the chance to wait with her.

They talked about this and that. He never afterwards remembered what he said to her. He didn't even remember what she said to him. Just her voice, and not the words, completely mesmerized him. It was absolutely magic.

Somehow he'd got to see her again, even if at the moment he didn't know how. He couldn't rush in in the usual way. She wasn't like one of the girls from anywhere round that part. She was more like an inhabitant of Golden Gate Park.

She was class.

So Jerry began to act the part.

He made up on the spot, and managed to work in, a bit of light conversation about the 'Majestic', and how the head waiter there always reserved a favourite table for him. He used the awful weather they'd been having lately to introduce a reference to his holidays in Italy.

Lucky, he thought, that he'd recently read an article somewhere about holidays in Italy.

Class has to be met with class if you don't want your chances to pass you by.

When she made passing reference to the more modern poets, he slipped in about Picasso. He'd seen Picasso's name once or twice in the newspapers. He wondered who Picasso was.

They got on wonderfully. But after ten minutes or so, she began to look worried.

"That bus is terribly late," she said.

"Maybe had a breakdown," said Jerry. "That's always happening to buses these days."

They went on getting on wonderfully. They worked round to the subject of films, and Jerry felt on safer ground. There was currently showing in the town (to empty houses) a Continental classic with the title of "The Sewers of Love". Jerry wondered how anybody could sit through such bilge.

So he said he had tickets for the next evening's performance.

She said that modern films with a purpose enthralled her.

He said he'd be honoured if she would accompany him.

She said it was exceedingly kind of him and she would be delighted.

He added that they might have dinner at the 'Majestic' first.

She hinted that an evening out, without dinner at the 'Majestic' first, wouldn't be worth calling an evening out.

Jerry wondered on the quiet how much it was all going to set him back. He also wished he had once known a duke to speak to. If only to serve him soup.

The girl was now looking anxiously down the road.

"Something must have happened to that bus," she said.

Across the road was a telephone box.

"Let me get you a taxi," said Jerry.

She said she couldn't trouble him.

He said it was no trouble at all. He went across the road and phoned, telling the garage people where to come. When he got back to the girl he said it

was all fixed. And then he wondered if 'fixed' was the right word to use in such circles.

He wanted to say it was lucky the bus had been delayed, but he didn't. He thought it might sound just a bit too much like a line of talk from the old coffee bar.

"Everything is clear for tomorrow evening," he said.

"Quite," said the girl graciously.

"I will meet you at the 'Majestic' at seven o'clock."

She nodded like a queen.

The taxi drew up at the kerb and he opened the door for her.

"Golden Park Gate," she said, more like a queen than ever.

He had a word with the driver. He paid the fare to Golden Gate Park.

"Until tomorrow night," she said. "Goodbye."

"Goodbye," said Jerry. "Until tomorrow night."

A grubby little man with a face like a sea lion sidled up, but Jerry did not notice him. He had eyes only for the girl in the taxi.

She waved. He waved. The taxi disappeared round the corner.

How different things would have been, the girl was thinking, if that bus had turned up on time.

And then suddenly she tapped on the window in front of her.

"Not Golden Gate Park," she said breathlessly. "The corner by the council estate."

"Okay, miss," said the driver.

Meanwhile, the grubby little man with a face like a sea lion was having a word with Jerry.

"Excuse me, mate," he said, "but do you know if the last bus has gone?"

Jerry looked at his watch.

"You've got five minutes," he said.

"Ta, mate," said the grubby little man. And he pulled out his pipe and settled down to wait.

"But it's no use waiting here," said Jerry. "The bus stop's round the corner in the next street."

LILY FITZPATRICK

There's the girl who is pretty and sweet,
And the girl who is nifty and neat,
And the girl who is haughty,
And she who is naughty,
And the girl who goes home on her feet.
There's the girl who is timid and shy,
And the girl who is crafty and sly,
The girl you must dine,
And the one you must wine,
And the one who is partial to rye.
There's the girl who is robust and stout,
With curves here and there that stick out,
There's the girl who is rough,
And the one who is tough,
And the girl who is very devout.

There once was a spinsterish lass
Who constructed her panties of brass.
    When I asked: "Do they chafe?"
    She said: "Yes, but I'm safe
Against pinches, and pins in the grass."

HORSE THAT WAS TOO GOOD TO LIVE

OF all the Might-Have-Beens which have plagued race-goers in their unending quest for a four-legged certainty, the most tantalizing and the most tragic was Phar Lap, the horse which did NOT win the 1932 Cesarewitch.

This wonder horse would certainly have won the Newmarket race if he had run, he would have won it in a canter and probably starting at odds-on. But he did not run for the very good reason that he died before he could get to this country.

To this day nobody is quite sure how Phar Lap, the Australian racing marvel, came to meet his death in a stock farm at Menlo Park in California. Some people think that he was accidentally poisoned, others are convinced that he was foully murdered, but in any case his sudden end, at the height of his dazzling career, was one of the greatest tragedies in the history of racing.

Today the name Phar Lap means nothing, but twenty-five years ago it stood for everything that was miraculous and unbeatable on four legs. His name in Cingalese meant "Wing of the Sky," which in turn was the Eastern euphemism for Lightning—and never was a horse better named. Bred in New Zealand, the son of a selling plater, Phar Lap was a gelding. He was thought so little of as a yearling that he was sold for 100 guineas, but he turned out to be that rarest of racing prodigies—both a sprinter and a stayer in one.

At the time of his death, as a five-year-old, he had won more than £66,000 in stakes.

He won all the racing honours that Australia had to bestow before it was decided to take him to America in search of the world's richest racing prizes. Towards the end of his Australian career it was quite impossible to back Phar Lap in any of his races. The bookmakers would have nothing to do with him, since he was always a certainty, and the Tote business, for the same reason, was completely unprofitable.

The first suggestion of the high drama which was destined to follow the mighty Phar Lap wherever he went came on the eve of the 1930 Melbourne Cup. As the racehorse was leaving the Caulfield Track at Melbourne after his exercise, two men followed him in a car and opened fire with a shot gun. But the boy in charge of Phar Lap scented trouble and spurred his pony quickly, rushing the horse out of danger. So the shots missed their target and Phar Lap won the big race next day.

When he went to America, Phar Lap was greeted like a visiting royalty. He justified his welcome by winning the richly endowed Agua Caliente handicap to bring the total winnings up to £66,450, a record only surpassed at that time by the American horse Sun Beau, which had failed to win the Agua Caliente handicap the previous year.

In the Agua Caliente, his first and only race in America, he carried the top weight of 9 stone 3 lb., but set up a new record for the mile and a quarter track with 2 min. 2 4/5 secs. He won easily by two lengths and 15,000 excited spectators marvelled at the wonderful burst of speed which the giant chestnut produced. He got away to a slowish start, but at the half-mile mark flashed past the seven horses in front of him as though they were standing still.

To give you some idea of Phar Lap's tremendous capacity, he never carried less than 9 stone 3 lb. even in his training spins, for which he always wore heavy shoes.

A giant in every way, they called him "the Great-hearted Australian." After his death this description proved not only apt but accurate, for his heart weighed 14 lb., against the average weight of 9 or 10 lb. The record weight up till then was the heart of the famous Eclipse, which also weighed 14 lb.—the biggest heart ever known in an English thoroughbred. But Eclipse died at the age of twenty-five having begun racing at the age of five. And Phar Lap was only five years old when he died.

Phar Lap did not live long after that first and only sensational American race. It was on the strength of his Agua Caliente victory that his owner, David J. Davis, proposed to send him to England to race in the Cesarewitch. But that was not to be.

Shortly after his American victory, which had netted his owner £10,000 in stake money alone, Phar Lap was operated on for a tiny crack in his hoof. It was not a serious matter and he seemed to be getting over it when severe colic set in and the big horse died with unbelievable suddenness.

At first his death was attributed to some natural cause, but poison was suspected and when they analysed the grass from his paddock, arsenic was found. It was suggested that it was just insect killer from near-by fruit trees, which had been blown into his paddock by the wind, but some people had more sinister views — and still hold them!

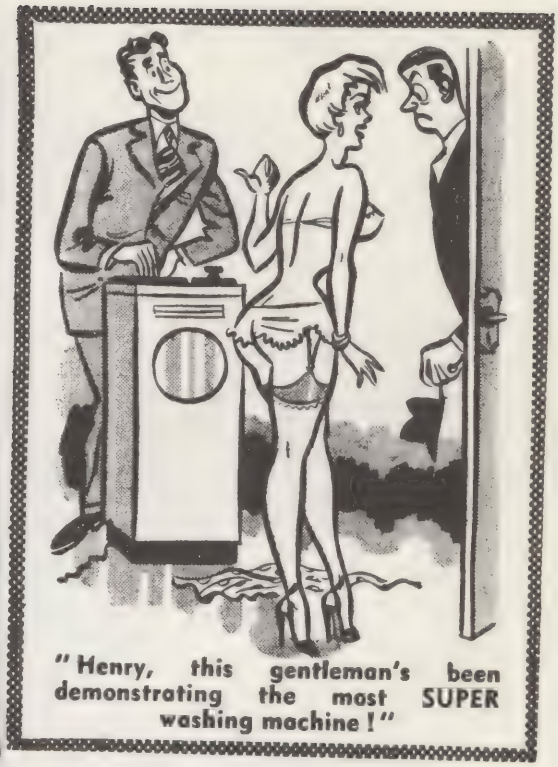
English jockeys who had seen Phar Lap race always said that he was the greatest of them all, capable of enormous improvement.

by PETE

" I'm sure he'll love me even more after we're married —he's crazy about married women ! "

Fair Lady

Virginia



"Henry, this gentleman's been demonstrating the most SUPER washing machine!"

JUNE-KIM

EVELYN WEST

LUCKY LINDA

DATE BAIT WHICH ARE YOU?

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Between 20 and 40 points is fair to middling. Ten or less points, and you should start worrying.

OKAY? LET'S GO.

(1) Does your telephone ring at least once (2 points) twice (3 points) three times (five points) more? (10 points) a week?

(Calls from brothers, uncles, male relatives and the insurance man don't count.)

(2) Do you rate whistles when you step out on the beach in a swimsuit? (5 points).

(3) Do you get flowers, gifts, when it's not your birthday? (5 points).

(4) Are other women and girls jealous of you? Catty? (5 points).

(5) Do boys plead with you for a picture, then flash it out of their wallet to show other fellows? (5 points).

(6) Have you ever been told you are a natural for (a) television (b) modelling (c) movies? (2 points each).

(7) Do strangers try to strike up acquaintance with you on trams, buses, or the beach? (5 points).

(8) Do men try to impress you with feats of strength to show how manly they are? (5 points).

(9) Do plainer girls avoid double dating with you? (5 points).

(10) Is your own brother proud to take you to dances? (5 points).

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- ☐ 90 Barbara Nichols "MAMBO"
- ☐ 92 Dolores Del Raye "ST. LOUIS WOMAN"
- ☐ 94 "HINDU TASSEL HASSELL"
- ☐ 101 "CAUGHT IN BARBED WIRE"
- ☐ 102 Sheree North
- ☐ 107 "THE TRESPASSER"
- ☐ 108 Nora Knight "EXOTIC DANCER"
- ☐ 117 Sheree North "SUN DANCE"
- ☐ 123 Choendelle "FOLLIES STAR"
- ☐ 125 "TEXAS LIL DARLIN"
- ☐ 126 "THAT GAL FROM DALLAS"
- ☐ 127 Tempest Storm "DESERT DANCE"
- ☐ 129 Sheree North "WASTE BASKET BLUES"
- ☐ 131 Linda "THE SUNBATHER"
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